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The Times-Dispatch

Business Office.....Times-Dispatch Building
10 South Tenth Street
South Richmond.....1020 Hull Street
Washington Bureau.....Munsey Building
Petersburg Bureau.....109 N. Spotswood Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....115 Eighth Street

By MAIL One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily with Sunday.....\$4.00 \$3.00 \$1.00
Daily without Sunday.....\$2.00 \$1.00 \$1.00
Sunday edition only.....\$2.00 \$1.00 \$1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service
in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg
One Week.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1913.

"THE DOCTRINE" IN MEXICO.

This morning's news from Mexico does not indicate any early change of importance in the existing situation. With Mr. Lind certain to remain either in Mexico City or in Vera Cruz for some days to come, with the President at his summer home, and with the Secretary of State on a lecture tour, the prospect is that the new negotiations will not take final form until next week.

In the absence of anything definite, the press of the country is discussing the theoretical side of the case, and is wondering what effect the troubles in Mexico will have on the Monroe Doctrine. This, to be sure, is by no means a novel question for debate in the press, and recurs with regularity whenever we have trouble with any of the Latin-American governments. But it has a certain academic interest at this time by reason of the President's statement that the American government is acting with the cordial support of the great powers.

As we see it, this means nothing more than that the interested nations look to us for the protection of their citizens in Mexico in much the same manner as we would expect England to help our citizens in South Africa, were a war to break out there.

Beyond this, attempts to involve the Monroe Doctrine at this time are pure jingoism. This doctrine does not impose on us the duties of a general policeman or hill collector. It does not demand that we send gunboats to Central America every time a handful of men shoot up an adobe village. It is a very simple truth in elementary form. As expressed by President Monroe in December, 1823, this principle of our diplomacy is that "we would not view any interference for the purpose of oppressing (the South American republics) or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." Secretary Olney, in his dispatch of July 29, 1895, at the time of the Venezuelan boundary dispute, was even more limited in his construction of the doctrine, for it did not, he said, "relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, nor prevent any European power directly interested from enforcing such obligations or from inflicting merited punishment for the breach of them." Nor did even Mr. Roosevelt, in his memorable speech in 1902, insist upon a more liberal interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Viewed in this light, the Monroe Doctrine is applicable only when there is a difference between an American and a foreign power, and then only when there is a prospect that the latter may take advantage of a controversy to attempt to dominate an American republic. The doctrine, in other words, does not relate in any way to internal wars or to rebellions, and does not prohibit the punishment of any South or Central American government for the mistreatment of foreign citizens.

To declare that it is at stake in the present controversy is plainly absurd.

NEW LIFE IN RURAL VIRGINIA.

If you are downcast, good reader, or doubt the future of Virginia, take the train one of these fine August mornings and revisit your old home. Pass along the same dusty road to the old house and see the transformation. Mingle with your former neighbors and your old acquaintances; look at their fields in comparison with those you knew as a boy; study their farming methods, and watch them care for the fruits of the soil.

You will come back to business with hope in your heart, for you will be convinced that there is new life in rural Virginia, and that the farmer is learning well his lesson.

We think, of course, that Virginia people were always the best in the world, and we have never had the heart to criticize their farm life; yet we rejoice to think how much happier and healthier rural life is to-day than ever it was in the past. We love to catalogue the farmers' achievements and to record their progress in this simple fashion:

A generation ago it took half an hour to communicate with one's nearest neighbor; to-day one has but to ring the telephone.

Roads that were impassable in winter are open now, and slowly, but steadily, are being improved.

Instead of "scrub" stock, one finds the farmers breeding better horses, better cattle, better swine.

The old house which was unpainted now shines in the summer sun.

The fences which were neglected are in repair, and a smooth wire inclosure has taken the place of the old rail fence.

The girls bring water no longer from the spring beneath the hill, but need only turn the spigot supplied by the pump and windmill.

Our women do not wear the fashions that their city sisters rejected, but are so well dressed that they can hardly be distinguished from the better class in the cities.

Farm implements, which used to rust in the fields, are well housed in painted barns and are kept in order.

Typhoid fever, which visited the neighborhood every year, has disappeared altogether or is found only in scattered localities.

Taller, though scarcer than it was in our boyhood days, is made far more effective through intensive cultivation.

Mail, which came late in the afternoon to the crossroads store several miles away, can now be had at noon from the box by the yard gate.

Churches, which held services but once a month, are now opened for Sabbath school every Sunday and for preaching twice as often as in the past.

This means progress and happiness and plenty! It means that the farmer is catching up with the city.

Walt Paze will have good neighbors in London, including the Japanese ambassador, the Italian ambassador, the Duke of Portland, Manchester, and Somerset. The folks down home will be glad to know that if Walt wants to borrow a good chew of plug he won't have far to go.

What a pass we have come to when Harry Thaw can get more publicity than the Colonel!

THE BRISTOL POST-OFFICE.

Good sense seems in a fair way of prevailing in the controversy over the Bristol post-office, though the same good sense has certainly been lacking in the past.

Post-office inspectors sent to the city when our Virginia people protested against the closing of their office find that 75 per cent of the commercial business of Bristol is done on the Virginia side, and that the existing laws prohibit the discontinuance of the office on the Virginia side of the line.

This is excellent, and will doubtless settle the matter when it comes before Postmaster-General Burleson. But why was the proposal ever made that the Virginia office be abolished? Those who championed the change must have known that the Virginia office, located at a county seat, could not be closed, and they must have known also that most of the business came from Virginia. Yet, despite these facts, an expensive office was built on the Tennessee side and the plan to close the Virginia office was boldly put forward.

It seems to us that our Virginia Congressmen and the delegation which went to Washington have put an end to a little game that smacked very strongly of politics.

Wonder if P. Drew Caminetti is any kin to our boyhood friend, "Jimmy Net-ty"?

A Washington dispatch says that a trying feature of the marriage of Miss Jesse Wilson, the President's daughter, is the making of the invitation list so that it will include "the cream of American society from the cities." If she would be wise, she'd better substitute the buttermilk of democracy.

The best thing about the Governors' conference at Colorado Springs is the absence of Governor Blevins, of South Carolina.

ROCKINGHAM'S RIGHT.

Our friend, the Harrisonburg News-Record, and a mighty good paper it is, by the way—is jubilant over the showing made by Rockingham in the reassessment. Our friend has the right to throw out his chest, for few counties have added more to the valuation of their personal property in the last year than has this Imperial Valley county. "Rockingham," says the News-Record, "will come before the Virginia Legislature with clean hands, demanding tax reform."

This has the right ring, and it speaks the right state of mind. Back of it is the story of how the people of that county have solved the tax problem for themselves.

Wishing every locality to pay its proper part to the expenses of government, Rockingham began at home, and has placed its assessments on a sound basis. The interesting thing about this is that the change has cost Rockingham citizens nothing except the small amount they have to pay in additional State taxes. As they have raised their local assessments, they have lowered their local rate until the average citizen's taxes to the county and district are no heavier than they were before.

And what splendid dividends the county is receiving on the investment it has made in honesty! The good citizens of that county can now legitimately demand reform with the assurance that they have no skeletons in their domestic closet. In addition, they can tell would-be investors that lands in Rockingham are valuable, and will not run the risk of deceiving purchasers. This is worth while, because, as our readers will recall, more than one would-be immigrant has returned from Virginia when he has found that lands offered to him at one figure were assessed at not one-fourth that amount.

Rockingham, then, can maintain its place with Henrico, Norfolk, Fauquier and Loudoun Counties, as localities that have solved their local tax problem, and have a right to demand that the other counties do the same. But will the delinquent counties of the State model after this splendid example, and will they concede that honesty for one county is honesty for all? Because these counties are right, will the others concede that they are wrong?

We hope for the best, but we are sure that equitable taxation in Virginia will never come until the people insist that their representatives shall make common, every-day honesty the test of our proposed tax laws.

WOMEN'S DRESS ONCE MORE.

In another column we print a letter from Lawrence Washington, of the District of Columbia, on our recent discussion of women's dress. We ask our friends to read this letter and to judge between us.

At first glance Mr. Washington's letter will incense those who read it as an unjust attack by one who has no respect for womanhood. But let this false impression be left upon our readers, we hasten to assure them that Mr. Washington is a Virginian, a gentleman and a collateral descendant of the great man whose name he bears. When this is said, no further questions can be asked. We are criticized by one of our own, by a man who has the right to speak, and who does so from the depths of his heart.

Mr. Washington indicts a nation and thinks that all the women who wear the present indecent dress one sees in the street do so because they wish their attire to be suggestive. He makes no qualification, no limitation, and he argues that "the woman who is not good is bad."

From this view we must dissent with all our strength. We know some of these women who walk the streets in their dresses as in mode; we have known their fathers, their mothers; we know their character, and no breath of suspicion can be voiced against them. To condemn them is to deny virtue.

Why, then, do these girls wear these dresses—why are they unconsciously working against the morals of the community? Because, as our correspondent states, they wish to do so? God forbid. They are, in the main, immature and mercurial. They have been taught that the woman who is not dressed in fashion has no place in "society," and when they see a new fashion their thought is not of the modesty of the fashion, but of its newness. Indeed, we venture to state that the vast majority of Richmond girls who purchased these immodest dresses never dreamed that they were immodest, and rather plumed themselves that they were fashionable.

And when we expect an end to the present state of things? To our mind, it will come soon, and will come positively. Within the next few months, instead of the advertised X-ray skirts, we expect to see American fashions of modesty and grace.

This hope we base on our confidence in the modesty of the women of our country. Speaking particularly of Richmond girls, we know that they need only have their attention called to their mistake to correct it. They will abandon these extravagant fashions, we take it, and will leave them to those for whom they were intended.

We may be optimistic, Mr. Washington, but we think we see the day when you can make no mistake about the woman by looking at her dress.

"THEY THAT WASTED US."

Wealth is wasteful; youth is prodigal. If it were not so, how else could we explain or excuse our amazing disregard of the manner in which we spend our vast possessions?

This is a familiar question and one upon which we always base our pleas for conservation; yet the extent of our daily wastefulness in familiar things is equally as important and much more neglected. How appalling is this waste is well explained in Frank Koester's recent book on the "Price of Inefficiency." Here are some of the things we are wasting every year:

In coke burning, \$22,000,000.

In horsepower from our neglected waters, \$500,000,000.

In floods and freshets, \$235,000,000.

In soil erosion, \$500,000,000.

By noxious insects ruining fruit and grain in storage, \$650,000,000.

By industrial diseases, an income of \$712,000,000.

By preventable accidents and injuries to workers, \$1,500,000,000.

By fraudulent pensions, at least \$75,000,000.

By careless handling of eggs and milk, \$340,000,000.

By the needless rotting of potatoes, \$25,000,000.

Mr. Koester is our authority for these figures, none of which we guarantee; yet his array is alarming and the extravagance it bespeaks is almost unbelievable. Reviewing them, we are almost willing to concede the justice of the historian Ferrero's criticism of America, when he said that a European family could live on what the average American household threw away.

We are not altogether hopeless of the future, however, for we believe that the eyes of American people will ere long be opened. Then they will see that we are paying an awful price for "progress," so-called in our mad, destructive haste and waste. Then, too, they will understand that constructive progress, slow-moving and steady, saves as much as it makes. Then, and not until then, waste will cease and plenty will be the lot of every man.

The Carnegie Foundation has refused to bestow a hero medal upon a five-year-old lad who saved his playmate from drowning on the ground that he has not reached the age of discretion. But what hero ever did?

"There are all varieties of hobbies and Governors coming," says the Rocky Mountain News's advance report of the Conference of Governors at Colorado Springs. "There is Governor William Hodges Mann, of Virginia, where water is frequently used to make mint juleps, jogging along the national highway on his temperance mount."

The Prince Nikolaus von Thurn and Taxis, promptly upon his arrival in New York, announced that work makes men foolish. Which one of the millionaires with title-mad daughters is he going to work?

It was almost "ave atque vale, Imperator!"

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

The Daily Thrill.

Listen to the jar and tumble,
Listen to the rough and tumble
Conversation rare,
Floating through the air,
Listen to the burning phrases,
Rhetoric has gone to blazes,
And the grammar, too,
Merry, what a stew!

While the hammer's pounding, pound-
ing,
And the country is resounding,
Exodus is great,
From the ship of state,
Refugees the trains are cramming,
Crowding, packing, also jamming,
Congress on the run
Out of Washington.

Plaster falling from the ceiling,
And the stucco is a peeling
From the walls a lot,
Language is too hot
No volcano in creation
Could cause half the consternation
As does this Mullhall
With his bluff and gail.

According to Uncle Abner.

A feller that wears his pants turned up at the bottom when it ain't rainin' is almost as much of a chump as the feller that leaves his gun down and chaws the edges off his heels.

The hyne is an animal which has a deceitful smile, and he will laugh when he is rendering you lim from lim. The only animal that has got anything on the hyne in this regard is the feller that sells books on the instalment plan.

The feller that bets on another feller's game has got it all over the other feller, for he bets on his own game when he ain't got any.

There ma' be slower ways of gettin' rich quick than writin' poetry for the magazines, but if there is, they ain't being discovered to date.

Eatin' popcorn is like kissin' yer best gal. The more you git, the more you want.

There is many a quarter horse in a race that never won 25 cents for anybody.

It takes a mighty good man to be a hero at home. Many a man who has the courage to swim out to sea and save a boat load of people hasn't got the nerve to kick on his wife's biscuit.

Many an honest heart beats beneath a ragged jacket and many a dollar watch ticks beneath a dress coat.

Hod Peters sent to a furniture factory to get a new chair for his wife to keep her in, but he got fooled. He says the ice don't keep in the box at all. He put a chunk in last Tuesday and Wednesday morning it was all melted.

They say salvation is free. Yes, and Wilson and Underwood didn't put it on the free list, either.

He who laughs last laughs like an Englishman.

Summer Resort News.

Bunkum Beach, August 22.—The pastboard roof blew off the hotel during the gale this morning, and the temperature dropped to two degrees above freezing. Fishing through the ice is a sport which is looked forward to for next week. Several tobogganing and skiing parties are also being arranged for later in the month.

Mrs. Fitzhugh Akernon Scroggs gave a bridge party yesterday and fifteen women took the train for home this morning, not having enough money left to remain during the rest of the summer.

The young ladies at this resort used to be a problem to the young men, but since they have begun wearing their x-ray gowns, the young men can see through them without any difficulty.

The Countess de Morin, of Paris, France, arrived here yesterday. When the countess is not resorting, she presides over a tinware counter in the 5 and 10 cent store at Oskaloosa, Iowa.

There are five high school women of "Chickadee" who have heard of one another before, which was rather embarrassing for all of them, when they were introduced.

Another carload of canned goods arrived yesterday for the hotel, which advertises fresh vegetables every day. At the hotel they slice the roast beef with a safety razor.

There are said to be several families here who are almost as comfortable and are having almost as good a time as though they had stayed at home.

The resort company owning all of the concessions has a price on everything excepting the air. They are installing a machine which will meter the air, and next year all guests will be obliged to pay for what they breathe at regular gas rates. One man who was in bathing yesterday swallowed a mouthful of water and the company charged him 10 cents for it. The manager of this resort doesn't think any more of a nickel than he does of his right eye.

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal breeding place for flies.

It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year.

We are not altogether hopeless of the future, however, for we believe that the eyes of American people will ere long be opened. Then they will see that we are paying an awful price for "progress," so-called in our mad, destructive haste and waste. Then, too, they will understand that constructive progress, slow-moving and steady, saves as much as it makes. Then, and not until then, waste will cease and plenty will be the lot of every man.

MIDSUMMER DAY DREAMS

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THE COOK IS ON THE WAR PAT, AGAIN DEAR SHE SAID SHE SHOULD BREAK ME IN TWO

SHE DID

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SAYING YOU WOULD BREAK MY—

CLEVER OUT OF HEEER! YOU DUDE

PANK

I WASN'T ASLEEP WAS I? YIS, I WAS AN' IT'S TIME TO GET UP!

WINSOR MCCAY

Voice of the People

home to buy an automobile is running him a close second.

The habit of the modern housewife is to send to the store to buy a loaf of bread, which could be made at home in a much smaller cost; to purchase a new broom, use it a while, and throw it away for a newer one. It is so easy to buy these articles and have them charged. The mother slaves that her daughter may learn to play the piano, instead of teaching her to make good bread, which a hard-working husband would appreciate more than hearing her thump on a piano that would probably have to be paid for on the installment plan. Children are allowed to grow up and marry with absolutely no knowledge of homemaking or home-keeping.

But you can't legislate economy into people. What is the remedy? To begin with, our schools offer by means of education, entrance to a long neglected field that is as broad as our land. It would be quite hard work to educate the old members of the family, but the younger ones can be taught, and the beginning should be made quite early. We ought to embody in the curriculum some method of inculcating the old-fashioned ideas of responsibility and thrift, and not extravagance; to press the importance of paying honest debts; of doing without things until we can afford them; of spending less than we earn, and honestly trying to increase our earning capacity by improving our talents; that it is dishonorable to destroy our employer's property because he does not pay us what we think we are worth, but better to respectfully retire from his service, thereby retaining his respect and good will. These things are not always taught at home, so it is essential that the child have a knowledge of them, they should be taught in our public schools.

Our costly strikes of to-day are caused by those who have to have more to spend. They are led in the name of the "human parasite," the labor agitator. Here, again, is an opportunity for education along the above line of thought to affect the future life of the child, for the less educated and less intelligent people are the less they are amenable to reason and settlement of difficulties by arbitration.

We are to a great extent still in the childhood state of mankind, and it will be long before we get out of the wilderness. Our appetites crave certain things, and we must have them, regardless of the method of procuring them. We say to the capitalist: "Give us what we ask, or we will take it," and along comes a political, ambitious blatherkite, who says: "Yes, it is yours. Take it!" and the mob is loosed. No, we are not so very far removed from the monkey stage in the evolution of man. Educate us enough, so that we can think a little, and think twice or thrice before we act.

The tariff will affect the high cost of living to some extent, but it is a somewhat hazy issue, and the remedy, to a large extent, must begin at "Home Sweet Home." When the American people learn to live within their income, pay their honest debts, and not only that, but lay by something for a rainy day, the newspapers that are making copy of the high cost of living will have to find some other subject to fill up their columns.

Criticizes the Bible.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir,—It is encouraging to see even so liberal an opinion as that which appears in your issue of to-day, which says "The Bible in the Schools," by E. Virginia Smith. She appears to be generous enough, at least, to give mention of other Bibles, if not to admit that other nations have their gods also. I do not believe that the average Christian ever heard anything about the other God but Jehovah, the God of the Jews. To Him is attributed the authorship, through inspired man, of the Holy Scriptures and that's where arises all the trouble. Our Bible would have been understood long ago if the church had not put a ban on intellectual freedom and investigation, and stopped up the ears of reason.

The Bible contains many beautiful and sublime passages, but also many foolish, absurd and idiotic lines. Since I was a boy, I have heard even church people laugh at the absurd stories told of its pages, and I have seen open up new years of age and with a brain with which to think, discarded. The Bible is understood by all except the Christian, and it will be accepted by all men when it is permitted to be placed

Abbe Martin

HOW MANY?

Women like to talk about clothes, but you ought to hear two men when they get reminiscent about some tailor. There's allus some class 't a girl named Pearl.

The Mountains at Summer Rest.

My heart is in the mountains,
Where are plenty of springs;
My heart is in the mountains,
Where the sun glow shines
And the breezes blow;
My heart is in the mountains
Wherever I go.

My heart is at the Rest,
In the land of sky;
My heart is at the Rest,
Where the hours fly;
Where the rooms are cool
And the bread is good;
I could stay in the Rest
Two months if I could.

Farewell to the mountains,
Farewell to the Rest,
Farewell to the breeze
That I love best.
Vacation is over,
And my heart is sad,
But memories of good times
Will help make it glad.

(After one week's vacation at Summer Rest.)

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invites you to open an account, either subject to check or at 3% interest in its Savings Department. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$1,000,000.00